

WE ARE  
ONE

THE WORLD IS MIND



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Show Respect"

Okay  
Okay  
Okay let's do this  
Uh huh  
Before I spit the verse I'm versed up  
I got to take a moment for some ancestor worship  
Scott La Rock all day  
Ms. Melodie all day  
[?] all day  
Kwame Toure okay  
They watching over KRS today  
There's so many ancestors with me  
Man watch what you say  
You don't even know how I got here  
So many dudes are not here  
So I do not fear  
When the roads is not clear  
We are not alarmed with it  
[?] in the darkness I'm the spark in it  
With every sentence your intelligence I sharpen it  
Like a knife or a box cutter you cut the carpet with  
Spark that shit  
Dudes don't know how deep Chris Parker get  
You hear the art I spit  
Cause I was at the start of it  
The cypher is hyper when KRS is part of it  
The same cypher's incomplete when apart from it  
Show respect  
  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
Show respect  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
What I'm saying  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Show respect  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
What I'm saying  
  
Let me make this really clear  
They are not us  
All these wack twitter rappers I do not trust  
They will pull out the gat but they will not bust  
They will witness injustice but they will not fuss  
They sitting at home thinking they can stop us  
I'm flicking ashes on these asses leaving them in the dust dust  
Criminal minded

Spiritual minded  
Political minded  
My lyric you can time it  
Watch how I rhyme it  
Spit, shine, and grind it  
Autograph and sign it  
No corporation behind it  
Free man, free MC, and free-minded  
You looking for authentic and real  
Well I'm it  
These critics be amazed they don't know what it means  
KRS still ripping it in 2017  
On to 2018, 2019  
Its a crazy scene, I'm all in their face like Maybelline  
Show respect  
  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
Show respect  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
What I'm saying  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Show respect  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
(Get-get-get-get-get-get)  
What I'm saying

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Same Shit"

Ladies and gentlemen  
Its time to kick ass

Yeah  
Same shit  
Yeah  
Same shit  
Wake up  
Listen

Terrorists and governments play the same game  
Banks and big business take the same blame  
Open your brain  
The Klan and the cops are the same  
Slave quarters, blocks and prison blocks are the same  
They only separated by name  
Overrated by fame  
What's in a name?  
A colonist is the same  
People can't really see it  
Because they're blocked by the name  
But really Nazi Germany and your black is the same  
Look

Wall Street and Main Street  
Really that's the same street  
Drug talk, corporate talk  
Really that's the same speak  
Boom bap, boom bip  
Really that's the same beat  
A throne or a chair of your own  
Really that's the same seat

I wrote and recorded this album in the same week  
California and Barcelona  
Its got the same heat  
I walk the same street  
Put no trust in the game  
Good cop, bad cop  
They one and the same  
Same shit

You know  
Listen

Rapper and politicians they want the same thing  
To kneel before their master and kiss the same ring  
But Solomon and Selassi them are the same king  
So from [?] I spit the same swing  
Ding ding ding, there goes the bell  
I'm the same as heaven, these dudes the same as hell

I'm the same as the plane at liftoff, fly  
They the same as a rip-off, a lie  
I remind you  
Don't let the criminal mind blind you  
Instead let the spiritual mind find you  
See I'm you  
Just twenty years ahead  
Its to your advantage to hear KRS-ONE and rewind what he said  
Its the same shit  
Its the same shit  
Look

Drug cartels is what sells the medical  
Drug spots and drug stores are identical  
Y'all need to wake up and join with the woke folk  
Ignorance is only gonna keep you with them broke folk  
KRS is on some cool shit  
I ain't nothing to fool with  
I teach more kids than the school gets  
Game over stupid  
Its like we at the eight ball corner pocket  
And I got the pool stick  
You can say whatever, me I'm living better and better  
Getting cheddar, out in Greece getting feta  
Up in Catalonia only eating paella  
Up in Italy getting bread, call it brusketta  
I spit  
They cruise cars, I cruise ships  
Democrat and Republican that's the same shit  
Its the same shit

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Don't Ever Stop"

(feat. Janiece)

The road's so cold and you better know  
That you're a winner and you're going for gold  
I know it's long but you beter know  
(Yeah) don't ever stop

Never let 'em pull you down  
Never let 'em lie to you  
Never let 'em take your crown  
Never let 'em cry to you  
Never let 'em in your heart  
Never let 'em give you money  
Never let 'em hope you starve  
Never let 'em find you funny  
Never let 'em follow you  
They don't need to side with you  
Never let 'em ride with you  
Pull out what's inside of you  
Never let the system get you  
Feed you, eat you, spit you out  
Never let 'em know what you doin'  
It's time you figure out  
Never let 'em teach your kids  
Never let 'em see you fear  
Never let 'em blow your lid  
Never let 'em take you there  
Never let 'em break you up  
Never let 'em break you down  
Never let 'em shake you up  
Never let 'em in your town  
Never let a charoulette tell you what is excellent  
Never let embetterment regard for what's irrelevant  
Never let 'em tell you that KRS "oh, he dead, stop"  
Never let 'em tell you that the radio plays Hip Hop

The road's so cold and you better know  
That you're a winner and you're going for gold  
I know it's long but you beter know  
(Yeah), don't ever stop  
Don't stop  
Don't ever stop  
Don't stop  
[x2]

(Hey)  
Got the rhymes, borderline's rapper  
I'm that other kind with tons of rhymes  
Spit flames hotter than the summertime

People want to undermind but stay under mine  
Under my mind under my thoughts, caught in another time  
They in the past I'm in the right now  
Thirty city tours these critics be like "how? Wow!"  
They be tryin' to get rid of me since back in the day  
But the more they push me down the higher I raise  
When I did criminal minded they had something to say  
When I said self-destruction they had something to say  
When I did edutainment they had something to say  
That's the devil I ain't concerned with nothing they say  
They was frontin' in the 90's and they still frontin'  
They know the cost of everything but the value of nothing  
I keeps it pumpin' like a trucka  
That's why I'm fresh for 2017 you sucka

The road's so cold and you better know  
That you're a winner and you're going for gold  
I know it's long but you beter know  
(Yeah), don't ever stop  
Don't stop  
Don't ever stop  
Don't stop  
[x2]

Never let 'em make you doubt  
Never let 'em break you  
Never let 'em take you out  
Never let 'em tempt you  
Never let 'em employ you  
Never let 'em lead you  
Never let 'em boy you  
Never let 'em deceive you  
Never let 'a snitch or traitor  
Know what's going on  
Never let 'em know the plan  
Freedom's only for the strong  
Never let 'em in the jam  
This is how they stole our songs  
Never let 'em corrupt you  
KRS ONE I'm gone

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "You Ain't Got Time"

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

Politics is a pile of tricks  
Eight years, what do we get out of it?  
More chatter, more gun splatter  
More dumb rappers, and dumb athletes and actors  
My name's revolution, open your eyes  
I'm not on TV, cuz the revolution will not be televised  
They telling lies, we better rise and get a plan  
The US President? He's endorsed by the clan  
Damn  
You don't understand what's going on?  
Slavery coming back and most of y'all just gonna go along  
Not me, they ain't veiling me  
You can see, I ain't vote for the president or Hillary  
America tryin' to put the fear in ya  
They the reason for the fake war there in Syria  
So when I grab the mic, I spit a full-clip  
Wake up, you ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)  
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

This what the boom bap sound do  
Since way back in the Bronx, I had a sound view  
If you hearin' this, the truth, it just found you  
I'm in his town, her town, your town too  
Man, I stay ahead like a crown do  
Look around you  
Knowledge reigns supreme, this is what it comes down to  
People talkin', but ain't doin' nothin'  
KRS ain't about frontin', let me tell you somethin'  
We need unity at all cost, or everything is all lost  
These lessons are hard, that tweeter shit is so soft  
Brothers killing brothers killing brothers with the sawed off  
No remorse, brothers are hauled off up north  
We off course, believe in the hype  
Honesty, we ignore; but that deceiving, we like  
These rappers are corny, but you like "He aight"  
You lyin' from the pulpit  
You ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)  
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)

To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

I formerly was a criminal. I formerly was imprisoned, I'm not ashamed of that  
You never can use that over my head. And—that—He's usin' the wrong stick, I don't feel that stick

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "You Like Me"

As long as I'm dancin  
Actin or rappin  
Walkin around like  
I don't know what's happenin  
You like me [x4]

If I'm talkin bout drinkin  
And nothin bout thinkin  
As long as I'm high  
And I never ask why  
You like me [x4]

But the second I start with the state of the economy  
Black leadership, Black gods and Black sovereignty  
That's when you can't seem to follow me, confusion  
You feel like you losin, I'm no longer amusin  
This song's about choosin, choosin why you cruisin  
Either Black entertainment or the Black Revolution  
People love to see a young Black man rap  
Until he wakes up and realize he's caught in the trap

So as long as I'm dancin  
Actin or rappin  
Walkin around like  
I don't know what's happenin  
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin  
And nothin bout thinkin  
As long as I'm high  
And I never ask why  
You like me [x4]

But the minute I get in it bout the way these rappers spit it  
The minute I start spittin that truth here comes a critic  
I freestyle off the top like removin ya yankee fitted  
But they not really checkin for skills, they want the gimmick  
Many of the challenges we face, we could solve em  
But there's no trust, no unity, and that's the problem  
Black people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem  
White people fightin amongst themselves that's the problem  
US foreign policy is simply just bomb em  
Rebels against they own government, the US arms em  
Then when things get outta hand, yeah they try to calm em  
More money, more diplomacy, just charm em  
If that doesn't work then they move to "Osama"  
Turn him into a terrorist, so they can disarm em  
Through the corporate media, we don't stand a chance

But too many people wanna us to just stand and dance

So as long as I'm dancin  
Actin or rappin  
Walkin around like  
I don't know what's happenin  
You like me [x4]

If I'm talking bout drinkin  
And nothin bout thinkin  
As long as I'm high  
And I never ask why  
You like me [x4]

You like me, you like me, you like me  
You like me, you like me, you like me

# **KRS-One Lyrics**

## **"Put Ya Ones Up"**

Why these people always gotta front  
Why people can't be real from the jump  
I'mma be blunt so inhale it  
My flow is like the ocean, I sail it  
Metaphoric oceanic flow, run it  
Like the ocean I'mma stay current  
From the first time I rhyme they spun it  
Any MC test BDP sound we up on it  
They just begun it, we the veteran  
Better than any of them and we keep it 100  
I'm the blast master but faster  
I'm the same that influenced the game I'm named after  
Hip-hop, don't fight the hunch, spike the punch  
Take it back to the Castor Bunch  
I'm having these rappers for lunch  
I'm giving their captain a crunch  
Munch, crunch, hunch up  
You feeling KRS, put your ones up

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Keep Flowin"

I represent leadership, readership, teachership, speakership  
Culture keeper cause the culture we're keeping it  
Truth I'm speaking it, critics want to weaken it  
Printing gossip and bullshit and the people believing it  
Gather 'round now for the freshest guy  
If you're new to hip-hop KRS is I  
I don't tell no lie, that bullshit that they're talking online  
That's the tactics of the FBI  
Y'all falling for the same old disunity thing  
That's why Malcolm X couldn't link with Dr. King  
Why William DuBois was against Marcus Garvey  
Together they could have built a strong black army  
But not hardly arguments between Bobby Seel and  
Huey P. Newton rocked the Black Panther party  
We need to wake up these strategies are old  
Unity that's the goal let's go

That real shit just keeps flowing  
That real shit just keeps going  
That real shit just keeps flowing  
That real shit just keeps going

Line after line after line after line  
Since 1989 I been way ahead of my time  
But it's frustrating hearing all the hating and debating  
And the faking and the waking, man we got to reawaken  
The time that we be wasting, debating and fighting  
We can see we unenlightened, man look what we writing  
You got the most advanced technology in the palm of your hand  
And all you can do is turn around and diss your man  
That's like a baby with a loaded gun  
Thinking its a load of fun, me, I'm a little older son  
We done seen dudes dies and cry and get by  
We done seen cops shoot down blacks and just lie  
So when Latifah put up U-N-I-T-Y  
Why didn't anyone comply, y'all living a lie  
The truth is the proof and we got to get it straight  
Revolution only works for those that participate

That real shit just keeps flowing  
The real shit just keeps going  
The real shit just keeps flowing  
The real shit just keeps going

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Hip Hop Speaks From Heaven"

Yo, 2Pac once asked, "Is there a Heaven for a G?"

Well, now there is, word, 'cause he's up there to see  
Moving around, he's chilling with Prince and James Brown  
If our people are up in Heaven, their loving is raining down

The only force to save us from city was hip hop

The only force that made us grimy and gritty was hip hop  
We all respect the world's religions and the laws they laid

But I know Scott La Rock's gonna come to my aid

See, these saints are great, but they're not where my heart be

When I call on the angels, I'm calling on Marcus Garvey

I'd rather call on Bob Marley, oh yes, sir

Kwame Ture, that's my real ancestor

Why call upon the spirits of oppressors

When you can call your own angels when you under pressure

See, when it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson

Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

So when I think of California, I'm seeing Eazy-E

When I think of Brooklyn, New York, I'm seeing B.I.G

When I'm thinking about the Bronx, I'm seeing Scott La Rock

We gon' praise they name forever and we gon' never stop

It's forever 2Pac, it's forever Heavy D

It's forever Big Pun, it's forever O.D.B

They was live, now deceased, from the West to the East

It's forever Phife Dawg, Big L rest in peace

What happens next, we shouting out Professor X

Shout out to Freaky Tah, shout out to Proof, big respect

We can't forget, so we bubble with joy

When we reminisce over you, Trouble T-Roy

Shout out to Keith Cowboy, Ms. Melodie all day

Shout out to J Dilla and Jam Master Jay

It's love I'm sending to you

Shout out to Guru, and Mr. Magic from the Juice Crew

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

Forget who's the best guy

This that time to think about Pimp C, Buffy, and Lisa Left Eye

Frosty Freeze breaking in the breeze

Big Bank Hank still inspiring MC's

We'll never be free until we free up our mind

We praising our enemy's God's fallen behind

Yo, it's all in the rhyme, the past is gone

But I can still feel the spirit of Master Don

Yo, many have been lied to, so here's what the wise do

Praise your own people, the force is inside you

Like a late fog in the mist

I see MCA and rest in peace Nate Dogg

They names and they natures will last

Like Chris Lighty and my man Bill Blass

When it comes to hip hop, here's the lesson

Start praising your own people, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Go, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping yo, this another lesson yo

Hey, hip hop speaks from Heaven

Tell me who you repping

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The World Is Mind"

You know

Whatever the brain doesn't have a word for it can't see

I teach you this all the time

The world is mind

M-I-N-D

There were two patients laying in the hospital

They shared the same room both fighting health obstacles

The first patient had his bed by the window

He could see outside and feel how the wind blow

The second patient, his bed was by the wall

No window, he couldn't see nothing at all

So in summary there was no sun to see

He was laying in the dark looking for recovery

He could see the other patients looking outside

And jealousy took over his pride he couldn't hide

He said to the patient by the window

"Hey! Tell me what you see outside there today"

The patient by the window started saying

"I see people walking, talking, I see children playing"

"Cars going by with the booming systems"

But the patient by the wall could only lay and listen

Bedridden, he couldn't see it for himself

But the descriptions he was given was improving his health

Everyday the patient by the window would say what he saw

And everyday the patient by the wall wanted more

But what he wanted even more instead

Was to be in the patient by the window's bed

He wanted the same bed that the patient had

If he could just exchange beds it would make him glad

So one day the patient by the window was gone

And the patient by the wall knew something was wrong

But he still asked the nurse if he could be first

To get the bed by the window, and what's worse

He did get the bed by the window

But the shock instead was a wall full of brick stone

No cars, no people, no scenery

No light, no flowers, no greenery at all

It was like just a brick wall facing the window

He said to the nurse "I was tricked yo"

The nurse said "Tricked? You'll be fine"

But a view of a brick wall he didn't have in mind

And what really blew his mind

Is when the nurse said, "Cheer up

"The previous patient, he was blind"

He realized right at that time

You create your reality, the world is mind

